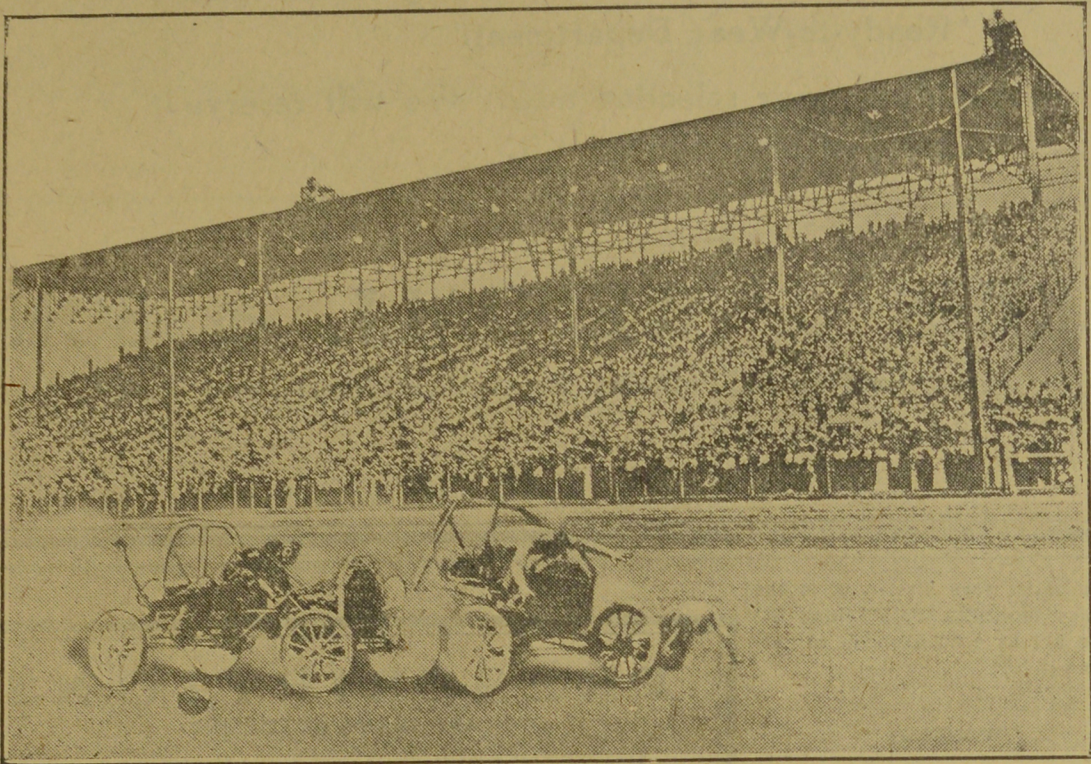


AUTO POLO

THE MOST THRILLING AND BREATH-TAKING GAME EVER PLAYED.
PLAYERS SEEM TO HAVE MORE LIVES THAN THE PROVERBIAL CAT



FREDERICTON EXHIBITION

In addition, The Morales Family---Gautier's Toy Shop and Other Shows. Fireworks
---Dancing---Band Concerts---In Fact All the Fun of the Fair.

18--SEPTEMBER--25

Entries Close Saturday, September 11th.

"That woman over there used to sing in the lion's cage at the Rivoli, run?"
Howard—How does your new car run?
Daniel—It runs out and in.
Howard—What do you mean?
Daniel—It runs out of gasoline and into everything.

Howard—How does your new car run?
Daniel—It runs out and in.
Howard—What do you mean?
Daniel—It runs out of gasoline and into everything.

Clifford—I love you more than I love myself, darling.
Gloria—So do I dear.
"Is Bernice happily married?"
"Yes, indeed her husband's away most of the time."

A LITTLE THING

THE power called habit is a little thing * * * *
but it can pull your eyes open at a certain hour every morning, determine whether you dress the right or left foot first, drop a fixed amount of sugar into your breakfast coffee—free your mind for thoughts that demand actual choice.

The little habit of glancing over these advertising columns daily, checking this and that which appeal to you, frees your mind from any guesswork about the merits of a product; helps you choose wisely when you buy. If you are familiar with newspaper advertisements, you can discriminate merits, weigh one product against another, these truths against those. And the habit of buying only advertised goods takes the hazard out of shopping; puts in a good, sturdy sure.

Start a Friendly Little Habit That Will Pay.
Read the Advertisements in These
Columns today.

LUMBER WAS KING ON THE LOWER SAINT JOHN RIVER IN OLD DAYS; LOG RAFTS HAVE DISAPPEARED

(Telegraph-Journal.)

There is something pathetic about the decay of a great industry, which in a sense has been a part of the life-blood of a community.

Not least of the troubles Saint John has had to face, and indeed is facing today, is the decline of the saw-mill industry. Ere long not a wheel will turn in a sawmill of the kind that flourished here, and of which 30 years ago there were more than a dozen in and close to the city, giving employment to thousands of men in the woods, on the streams, in the mills and along the harbor front.

The day when sailing ships lay tier upon tier, side by side, and the later day when 10 or 12 tramp steamers might be seen in the stream, besides sailing vessels at the wharves, all taking lumber cargoes, are now forever a memory. Those for whom the industry meant work and wages, homes and comfort, have been forced to seek other avocations, or follow the mills and the traffic to other places.

At Indian town.

Nowhere is one more impressed by the changed conditions than at Indian town. Straight across the basin the grass is green on the site of the old Jordan mill and its yards; and while the Moore mill still stands in good condition, there is not a stick of lumber in the yards, or a log in the booms. The wharves beside these mills, where schooners formerly lay taking cargo all through the season, are utterly bare.

Farther down the basin the old Miller and Woodman mill is gone, and the great Cushing mill. Just above the Indian town wharves the huge Stetson & Cutler plant lies idle, and partially dismantled, and the very small stock of lumber left in its yards is being removed. Just up the Narrows the Miller mill is tenantless, with empty wharves. The old King mill is gone long since, and its wharves empty. On the shore of the same basin the Randolph & Baker plant lies idle. The South Bay and Ketepec mills are gone.

The Murray & Gregory mill, below Indian town, sawed some logs early in the season, but today there is not a wheel turning in a sawmill from Saint John to Westfield, where a small mill is in operation cutting the logs of the Gregory mill, destroyed at Ketepec.

No More Rafts.

Going up river on Saturday some scows were met carrying down a small lot of lumber, presumably from Ketepec, and a small raft of logs was being towed up the river to the Westfield mill. Gone are the great raft-towing tugs that used to bring scores of millions of feet of logs to the busy mills. Gone are the great rafts and raftsmen, that for so many years were a feature of the river. Almost gone are the lime-kilns that employed so many men and vessels and consumed so much wood. Gone is the great fleet of wood-boats of which one could see in bygone years as many as 20 at a time beating up and down Long Reach. A schooner loaded piling this summer at Victoria Wharf, below the Devil's Back. Some of that piling was towed up from points down river, as well as from points above.

"I can remember," said an old raftsmen, "when from Boar's Head to the Reversing Falls, with the mills and the lime-kilns all busy, that region was a veritable hive of industry, and Indian town was throbbing with activity."

One finds it hard to visualize that activity while in Indian town today, or passing by steamer up through the Narrows. Idle mills, or mills partly dismantled or gone to ashes; idle kilns no schooners at the wharves, no rafts none of the old life left. Only the phantoms and the memories of the heyday of the lumber and lime industry of the days that were.

For it was not alone the logs for mills above the falls that passed through the Narrows. On the Strait Shore, below the bridges, were the Warner, Hamilton and Hilyard mills; and on the opposite shore the Clark, Purvis and Dunn mills. Not a wheel is turning on those shores today.

The old raftsmen already quoted had something to say about the difference between the logs of the former days and those of today. He recalled a tree taken to the old Cushing mill that made a thousand feet of lumber, and a pine log that rose nearly to his chin when he stood at its base. In those days a million feet of logs was only a bite for the clamorous teeth of the saws, and the lumber turned out was worthy of the name.

The Toll of the Years.

Of course the decline of the industry has seriously effected not only general business but the fortunes of

the families to whom it meant a livelihood. This is particularly noticeable not only at Indian town, but at Milford, Kingsville and other places where those who worked in the mills or on the river had their homes. New industries have not yet come to replace the old. Its decline was inevitable, and, of course, has been gradual; but the effects are all too plain. To none is the contrast so painful as to one who visits the region after years of absence. But for the great pulp-mill, and the portion of Murray & Gregory's plant which is in operation, and the small mill at Westfield, there would be little to remind the visitor of what was once the most important of Saint John industries.

The critic of Saint John, especially if he be a citizen, must bear this fact in mind. It explains much. Along with it must be borne in mind the fact that the establishment of other industries has been made difficult by the merciless competition of the Central Provinces, with their cheaper power and mass production.

But better conditions would now seem to be assured; and, when the port has been provided with adequate facilities, and better steamship services open wider markets, and the right kind of immigrants are brought to our vacant lands, a new era will dawn.

For many years, however, there will be those who will mourn the passing of an industry which meant so much to so many people in all walks of life.

Other Changes.

While on the subject of the river, which now flows almost empty of commerce, except for the few steamers which serve the local needs along its shores, one may recall other changes. Only a few years ago the voyager on a Saturday afternoon would see motor boats scattered all over its surface, conveying week-end parties to places along the Reach, or out for a few hours of pleasure on the water. On a Sunday afternoon, wearing toward evening, Long Reach would present a most animated picture, with these craft in scores, like huge water bugs, spending toward the city. Now there are but few to be seen. The motor car speeds over the smooth highway, and the river is neglected. Before the days of motor boats the fleet of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club spread white wings along the river, and there were famous races—in Grand Bay. There are still yachts and motor boats and there is an annual cruise, and both clubs have many members; but the old-time yachtsmen, too, has his memories of more joyous days in years long gone.

But the beauty of the river does not change. Serene and lovely in its quiet hours, or covered with white-caps when the winds are out; brilliant in sunshine or veiled in morning mists, it is the same unrivalled stream that charmed the French adventures who traded with the Indians up and down its shores 30 years ago. It is waiting, waiting to be discovered by a world which will dot its shores with villas and hotels, cover its surface with pleasure craft of all kinds, and make old Indian town the entrepot of a new region of delight for the summer voyager and seeker after health and pleasure in a garden of the gods.

BIG DIAMOND IS FOR SALE IN NEW YORK

New York Aug. 31.—There is a \$300,000 diamond for sale on Fifth avenue. There is also an emerald ring purchasable there for \$175,000. The diamond is said to be the largest perfect blue diamond that has ever been mined.

Both stones are in possession of the firm of Black, Starr & Frost, Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street. The diamond came into the firm's possession in 1912, a few years after it had been found. It was recently brought to the United States and recut. It measures 1 5-32 by 1 9-32 inches. It weighs 127.01 carats, a trifle smaller than the famous Cullinan diamond. The Cullinan had flaws, however, while this is without a blemish, according to a member of the firm.

The emerald is cut square and weighs a little more than eighteen carats. The firm says it is the finest it has ever had. It is very clear and of very intense color. Thrown in with the emerald for the selling price is a setting of 34 baguette diamonds.

SYNTHETIC AGE NOT HERE YET, SAYS SCIENTIST

Williamstown, Mass., Aug. 30.—The oft-heralded era of scientific substitution of natural resources is not yet at hand, the Institute of Politics was told today.

H. Foster Bain, New York metallurgist, warned that scientific "magicians, dazzling us with a promise of a synthetic age, were dealing in futures." The present value of substances chemists have produced to take the place of necessities, he declared, was practically nil.

He pointed out that substitution and synthesis require some sort of preparation and manufacture, both of which may absorb power, and while there need be no alarm felt as to the amount of power latent in the coal fields of the world, he said, "it should be remembered that getting the bucket of coal with which ultimately to light the beautiful Christmas tree involves work and a draft on the coal pile."

MACLEAN TO RUN AS AN INDEPENDENT

Toronto, Aug. 20.—W. F. Maclean, dean of the House of Commons and Conservative member for York South for the past 34 years, has issued a statement announcing that he would be an Independent-Conservative candidate in York South in the forthcoming election and he would be in the field "to the finish."

Maclean was defeated for the official nomination for the riding by R. H. McGregor, reeve of East York township, who had a majority of eight votes in a poll of 454.

On his statement Mr. Maclean says that the recent Conservative convention in South York was "both illegally constituted and unfair."

THE NOVELIST IS NOT YET HONORED

Lisbon, Aug. 30.—Successive failures by three Frenchmen and a Brazilian to build a lasting monument to Henry Fielding, English novelist, suggest that destiny is probably reserving the honor for those who speak Fielding's language. In 1800 the English poet Robert Southey wrote in Lisbon: "By a singular fatality four attempts have been made to erect a monument to him, but all have miscarried. "And up to the present Fielding is still without a monument." Fielding died in Lisbon and is remembered here for his "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon." Subscriptions are being received for fittingly honoring him. The endowment of an English circulating library in Lisbon to aid especially those interested in Portuguese literature and history is believed the best way to do justice to his memory.

"Did father ask you any questions?"
"Just one."
"What was it?"
"How much cash I had to spare."

NOTICE TENDERS FOR SOFT COAL

Sealed tenders, marked "Tenders for Soft Coal" will be received at the Provincial Department of Public Works, Fredericton, N. B., up to and including September 1st, 1926 at 5 o'clock P. M., for supplying 765 tons of New Brunswick soft coal for the Provincial Government Buildings at Fredericton, distributed as follows:

215 tons for the Legislative Bldg.
150 tons for the Agricultural Bldg.
200 tons for the Normal School (Main)
150 tons for the Normal School (Annex)
35 tons for the Health Dept. Bldg.
15 tons for the Road Engineers Office Bldg.

The coal to be of highest quality, properly screened with screen of not less than 5/8 inch mesh, to be shipped not later than September 20th, 1926. Price must be quoted per ton on cars at Fredericton. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

D. A. STEWART,
Minister of Public Works
for New Brunswick.
Dept. of Public Works,
Fredericton, N. B.